The Orangeburg News.

TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM. } GOD AND OUR COUNTRY. { ALWAYS IN ADVANCE.

VOLUME 3. SATURDAY MORNING, MAY 29, 1869. NUMBER 15.

Little Amy's Story.

"Look here, little one; where are you going? You should not be on the street alone."

Little Amy looked into the motherly face of the questioner, but she did not answer. She was a bashful little thing, only four years old. She scarcely looked three, she was so little.

"It is growing dark," continued the kind neighbor. "It will be night, soon, and then you will get lost. Run home, that's a good girl."

"I is going after my papa," said the child.

"Oh! no; you can't find him. See how full the streets are. The horses will run over you. Let me lead you home to your mother. Your papa will come pretty soon."

She took the little cold hand in hers, but the child pulled it away, and pushing past her, ran rapidly down the street.

"Ah! well," said the woman, taking up a heavy basket of clothes that she had set down on the sidewalk while speaking to little Amy, "I have no time to run after her. She must take her chance. I hope she'll come to no harm, for—There! she's gone into Meg Quillan's rum hole. She's after her father—the drinking wretch!—letting his family starve, and he earning more than any man on the street!"

The woman was right—little Amy was looking for her father, and, young as she was, a mere baby, she knew where to look for him.

He was sitting before the fire in the low drinking house, half stupefied with the liquor he had taken since finishing his day's work. He was a large, strongly-built man, with an easy, careless manner, and a disposition almost hopelessly obliging. We say hopelessly, because it was this same amiable trait of character which made him an easy prey to the liquor seller.

And the seller, in this case, was a big, noisy Irish woman, with a very red face and a very dirty cap. She had a loud, harsh voice, which was not at all mellowed by her own frequent visits to the demijohn. There were a number of men and women in the room, going through the various stages of intoxication; some silly, some sullen, some quarrelsome.

But the man before the fire, like Amy's father, sat apart from the rest, and did not seem to see or hear anything about him.

"Don't go to shape there my man," said the landlady, giving him a rough push. "Ye'll be pitchin' on the stove next. Move, an' ye're alive till I set off the kittle."

Little Amy stole noiselessly into the room and crept up between her father's knees just as the huge dinner-pot was set on the earth. The cover was half off, and the child, who had eaten nothing all day, gazed hungrily into it, with an intense longing for some of the contents. A large head of cabbage was simmering on the top, sending its appetizing odor out into the room, and giving a pleasant reminder to the fortunate idlers who happened to have any suppers of their own to partake of. They began to leave for their various homes, but little Amy's father did not stir. He knew that all his earnings—and they were not small—were spent in that vile room, and that the cupboard at home was empty. So he sat still.

Little Amy leaned over his knee to get a little nearer to the dinner-pot, and then—can you blame the baby-thief?—she reached out her poor little hand, and with her tiny fingers picked a bit of the cabbage.

A heavy blow from the woman's strong hand would have sent her headlong on to the hearth, if her father had not caught her.

"I'll tache ye to stale, ye baggay's brat," screamed the woman, catching hold of little Amy's arm, and shaking her in spite of her father's hold on her. He started up from his seat with a defiant look on his face that she had never seen there before. The man's soul was aroused.

"Let the child alone," he said. "Touch her again if ye dare. Can ye not see that the lassie is starving the day?"

"An' who is to be blamed for that same, Terence Maloney? Who but yerself, ye born fool?"

"You say true, Meg Quillan," said the man, reaching for his hat, and buttoning his coat as he spoke. "An' it's the fool's wages as has paid for your cabbage this many a day. I'll do it no more. Coom Amy, wisha; there'll be cabbage for yees at home after this; and mate, too, I'm thinking."

A derisive laugh followed him as he took the child in his arms and strode out of the house.

"He'll be back for his dram directly," said the woman, laughing. "It'll be a long day before he'll go to bed without that."

But he did not come back. Day after day passed by and Terence Maloney did not once cross the vile threshold. Not a word did he say to his wife of his good resolutions. He watched her going and coming to her work with a worn and discouraged look on her face which was so bright and happy but six years ago; but he said nothing to cheer it until Saturday evening, when his wages for the week were paid.

Then, after sending home food and fuel, he entered his door with a feeling that he had recovered in part his lost manhood, and had a right to speak.—Little Amy met him first. "O, papa!" she exclaimed, "there's such a heap of good things come. But mammy says they can't belong to us."

"Arrah, but they do belong to us, alannah. They're all yer own, Norah dear," he said to his wife, who was drearily looking at the different packages—"ivery one o' tham. The paper yonder has the big cabbage for the dinner to-morrow. Ye'll not need to stale, avick."

Amy clapped her hands, such little, pale hands, and laughed gleefully.

"Ye need not spare, Norah," he went on. "There's work in me arm and the will in me heart. I'll kape ye both illegantly, never fear."

"Oh! thin, Terence, man," said Norah, bursting into a mingled fit of laughter and crying, "I'll jist die wi' joy."

"No, ye won't, nor of want aither; you'll see. It's the bit lassie's doing."

And then he told the mother the pitiful story of little Amy's theft and punishment.

"I'll not be you starve to buy cabbage for Meg Quillan, the-mane old critter!" he said in conclusion.

There was not a happier home in America than was Terence Maloney's on that Saturday night. And it is pleasant to record that it was no transient reform which he experienced.

It is two years since he entered a drinking house, notwithstanding many a tempting offer of whiskey for nothing, if he would return to his old corner at Meg Quillan's.

There is not a neater home in the town than the one-story cottage which he rents now, but intends to own.

Norah lives at home like a lady, as she declares. There is no more going out in the cold mornings to wash for other people. She finds plenty of pleasant work at home; for little Amy has a baby brother now, who is the delight of her heart. He is a big fellow for a baby, after the pattern of Terence, his father—too heavy for her to lift, but a perpetual fountain of joy, notwithstanding.

Best of all, her parents lead her quietly into the house of God on the holy Sabbath, and listen themselves, with unquestioning faith, to the saving truths of the Gospel of Christ. This is the sweet promise of their future.

I tell little Amy's story as I heard it myself, not a week ago, from a warm hearted Irish woman, who is my friend. She is unlearned, and I have been obliged to translate her brogue into plainer English, but I have given you the facts of the story without alteration. —*Mrs. Gardner, in the New York Methodist.*

SENSIBLE.—A handsome young widow applied to a physician to relieve her of three distressing complaints with which she was affected.

"In the first place," said she, "I have little or no appetite. What shall I take for that?"

"For that madam, you should take air and exercise."

"And doctor, I am quite fidgety at night-time, and afraid to be alone.—What shall I take for that?"

"For that I can only recommend that you take a husband."

"Fie? doctor. But I have the blues terribly. What shall I take for that?"

"For that, madam, you have, besides taking the air and a husband to take a newspaper.

A child five years old, died in New York on Wednesday, from drinking whiskey, left inadvertently in his reach by his father.

Letter from Senator Robertson.

The following letter, addressed by Senator T. J. Robertson to the Agricultural Convention lately in session in this city, was inadvertently passed over:—*Columbia Phœnix.*

UNITED STATES SENATE CHAMBER,
Washington, April 20, 1869.

To the Delegates of the State Agricultural Convention to be held at Columbia, S. C., on the 28th inst.

GENTLEMEN: Observing a notice or call for a convention of our State, the object of which is announced to be the promotion of its agricultural interests, I hasten to tender to the Convention my hearty approval of the movement. I deem it of more significant importance than any other assemblage that could be made.

The material interests of our State—in other words, the increase of our means whereby the people of the commonwealth may be able to add to their substance—is now, and is to be, the best plan for a healthy reconstruction of the Southern States that can possibly be desired. Had I the power to shape the political mind of South Carolina, the platform would be a material or industrial policy. I should consult the ways and means whereby the largest result might be obtained in housing, feeding and clothing the population, educating the children, and acquiring the wherewithal to set them up in life when grown to manhood and womanhood. This, if carried out, would be most certain to result in the largest degree of social and political content. It would be a platform upon which every sensible citizen, of whatever race, color or previous condition, could sympathize with every other citizen. I have often thought that, in case our population, instead of indulging in past theories, or moping over the changes of our industrial arrangements, could be persuaded to adopt a practical policy, and make the increase of production and the more vigorous developments of our resources the absorbing political idea, we would not only increase the wealth of the State in a manifold degree, but supersede almost immediately the acerbity of temper that springs out of that species of partyism that aims a mere preferment to office. There is nothing I so much desire as a common platform on which the population in the State can stand together, with full and certain knowledge that all are laboring for the mutual and common benefit. Two or three years since, it was asserted, in one of the most influential journals of New England, that "the leading statesmen of America would hereafter come from the South." Pardon in me the ambition that this prophecy should be fulfilled. That it will be, I have little doubt.

Our condition is such that it will compel us to a course of public and private economy, which is the starting point of healthy thrift. At the North, there has been a seeming plethora of wealth, but attended with such contrivances for disparity in its distribution, as to create wide-spread discontent among the producing classes. In the South, we are less subject to the processes that in the North are bleeding the producing industries for the benefit of non-producing capital. In the South, after the war, we started poor, but have been growing richer. In the North, the people started seemingly rich, but, with the exception of a favored class, the common people are having their substance eaten out under a system of false public economy, and are growing poorer. It will behoove the South to avoid imitation of the vicious arrangements in the business relations that are now depleting the industries of the North. On one subject, I deem it my duty to speak frankly; it should be made the settled practical policy of every Southern State to invite, by the most significant liberality, the producers of the North. Let it be known and demonstrated that this class will be welcomed, fellowshipped and respected, and we shall have the industrial classes from the North and from Europe by the millions. South Carolina, like the other States of the South, must be the artificer of its own fortunes. It has it in its power to attract population of the most useful character. It is needless to say that the Southern State, which is most liberal in its generous courtesy to such as may come among us, will be soonest on the road of great and permanent prosperity. I hope it will not be deemed out of place for me to urge the necessity for inculcating a popular disposition to forego limitation in the habits of extravagant expenditures in living. Our products of the South have a wide and certain market, and the demand is increasing, but we need all the surpluses that are possible to be saved beyond the expenses of production and the subsistence of our population. One year of extreme frugality in the habits of our people will do more to inaugurate a basis of permanent prosperity than five accompanied with prodigal expenditure. It is a wise people who know to stop expenditure where comfort stops and prodigality begins. It behooves the South to commence the example of private economy, and it will be well if all classes can be influenced to join in making it fashionable. The result would be a feeling of congratulatory pride in the consciousness of increased thrift, instead of the poor vanity that seeks a delusive gratification in ostentatious show. It would require but a few years of well understood and sensible policy in the South to make the Southern States the favored seats of capital, enterprise and permanent wealth. While I would abstain from any expression of clannish sentiment, I would urge that South Carolina must act with reference to her own interests, and the incidents by which they may be promoted. Whilst I desire that the people of the State may not be outdone in their future pride of belonging to the greatest nationality on the globe, I as much desire that they may be among the foremost in advancing the sentiments, policy and measures that will contribute most to the common welfare of the whole country.

Wishing for the best success of the Convention, and hoping that its influence may be truly great and beneficent, I am, with great respect, most cordially and truly yours,

T. J. ROBERTSON.

To Senator T. J. Robertson:

SIR—I have read your letter contained in the *Phœnix* of 23d inst., addressed to the members of the late Agricultural Convention of this State. I was a member of that Convention, and am, therefore, the recipient of your advice. On this account, I am fairly entitled to make you a response. In the first place, allow me to correct the editorial statement prefixed to your letter. The letter was *not "inadvertently passed over."* It was never presented to the Convention. The paper was not introduced, because it was ascertained that it would meet with a very doubtful reception.

As regards, now, the advice given in your communication, I admit that it is not bad. But you will certainly acknowledge that it is not reasonable for you to expect the members of such a body as that comprising the late Agricultural Convention, to desire counsel from you. You have united with the presumptuous carpet-bagger and the ignorant freedman, to trample upon the rights and outrage the sympathies of these Southern communities. You have become the willing ally of that portion of the people of the country, who, in peace, continue to war upon us and to deny us that repose which we desire, and that showing to which we are entitled. Your whole political course is an insult to a large and influential class of your fellow-citizens. This class you evidently regard traitors in the past and disloyal in the present.

It was not, therefore, proper for you to indicate to us what our policy should be and what our duties are. We can not take lessons of political wisdom from you without some distrust. Excuse us for "fearing the Greeks even whilst bringing presents."

But there is another point we desire to suggest to you. The idea of sending a letter to the late Convention, must have been the offspring in your mind of a desire to place yourself in accord with that portion of your fellow-citizens, whom up to this time, you have deemed it your duty to ostracise. This may be a very proper feeling. It may be an indication that the high place you fill is beginning to beget in you a feeling of magnanimity. This is very well. But let me ask if this friendly tender, this sympathetic feeling, is not inconsistent with your Senatorial record? Can I forget—can the South ever forget—that *on the 6th of April, Anno Domini* 1869, *the following Bill was introduced in the United States Senate, by Thomas J. Robertson, a Senator from South Carolina, and a native born citizen thereof:*

[*From the Charleston Courier.*]

POLITICAL DISABILITIES.—The following bill was introduced in the United States Congress, on the 6th instant, by Senator T. J. Robertson, of this State. It was read twice, referred to the Select Committee on Disabilities, and ordered to be printed:

A BILL TO PROVIDE FOR THE REMOVAL OF POLITICAL DISABILITIES.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America, in Congress assembled, That any person laboring under political disabilities as provided in the fourteenth amendment to the Constitution of the United States, or from inability to take the oath of July 2d, 1862, is hereby released from the same on complying with the following conditions, that is to say, provided such person shall make the following declaration under oath before the clerk of any court of record established at the place of domicil of such party: "I, —— ——, of ———, do declare that I recognize the supremacy of the Constitution of the United States, and all laws made in pursuance thereof; that I will support and maintain the Union of the States against all enemies, domestic and foreign; that I will not yield support to any pretended government, authority or power hostile thereto; that I will demean myself as a good citizen, supporting good order, tolerance of political opinions, and freedom of the elective franchise:" *Provided*, That a copy of said declaration, officially certified by the clerk of the court before whom it is made, shall first be filed for record in the office of the Secretary of State of the United States: *And provided, further*, That no person shall be entitled to the benefit of the provisions of this law who was educated at the military or naval academies of the United States, or who was twenty-one years of age or upwards on the first day of January, 1861.

I repeat it: *And provided, further, "That no person shall be entitled to the benefit of the provisions of this law who was educated at the military or naval academies of the United States, or* WHO WAS TWENTY-ONE YEARS OF AGE OR UPWARDS ON THE FIRST DAY OF JANUARY, 1861."

You thus, sir, in this bill out-herod Herod, and propose to go even farther than Congress. If I am not mistaken, neither Thaddeus Stevens nor Charles Sumner, nor B. F. Butler, ever proposed a disfranchisement so cruel, so merciless, so sweeping. In your ever-to-be-remembered bill in the Senate of the United States, you propose to attach political disabilities to every one (mark the provision) *"who was twenty-one years of age or upwards on the first day of January*, 1861."

How great, in your estimation, must have been the *crime* of those who fought for country in the late great struggle! Why, sir, you spare neither the living nor the dead. If you possess not the wisdom of Solon, you must surely aspire to more than Draconian severity.

With that bill before me, standing out in bold relief, like some dark and rugged cliff, you will excuse me from your *role* of statesmanship. "The leading statesmen of America" may "hereafter come from the South," and I, too hope that "this prophecy should be fulfilled." But of this I am certain—that they will never come from the ranks of radicalism.

Hence my conclusion, that you keep your counsel for those who believe in your politics. Hence, too my suggestion, that if you desire to re-enter the political ranks of the intelligent people of the South, that you must enter not as an adviser, but as an humble recruit, and that you must first bring forth "fruits meet for repentance." You may represent South Carolina in the United States Senate, you may propose amendments to the Federal Constitution; you may secure the appointment of a colored man over the head of a gallant officer of the Union army; but you will please write to the class you have proscribed no letter of unsolicited advice. Respectfully yours,

ONE OF THE CONVENTION.

GOOD SPELLING.—"Caleb, spell Aaron."

"Great A, little a-r-o-n—ron."

"Very well, Ichabod, see if you can spell United States."

"Yes, sir. Great country, little country, T-a-x—us."

"Go up head."

Too Sharp for Her Better-Half.

A very amusing little incident recently occurring in our city is being whispered around by parties seemingly well advised in the premises. It appears that at one of our fashionable places of amusement last winter, a very fascinating and pretty soubrette had a short engagement. It was sufficiently long, however, to completely enlist the admiration of a gentleman engaged in commercial pursuits, and not a great while from a northern latitude. By some means the parties became acquainted, and as the days flew along, mutual sympathy mellowed into love. The lady, a little coy at first, finally lent a listening ear to the entreaties of her adorer, and after a brief engagement they were married. Of course, it is not the intention of the reporter to recite the rosy dreams of the honeymoon; how each adored the other, and happiness, radiant as poesy itself, bewitched the hours into visions of delight.

Weeks sped along, and months had measured their length on time's dial. But at last a circumstance occurred which put an end to billing and cooing, and revealed a domestic imbroglio, not at all in harmony with the felicity that preceded it.

One day the husband entered his wife's apartment, with the declaration that, deeply as he regretted such an event, they must part.

"Part—you don't mean to leave me?" exclaimed the lady

"Deeply as I regret the circumstance, such is the case!" was the reply.

"But why? What have I done—what wrong have I committed?"

"Nothing!"

"And yet you leave me?"

"My dear, in the haste of our marriage I forgot to mention a little fact, which in the mind of casuists might have formed an objection to it; I have another wife living!"

"Impossible!"

"It is true, my dear!"

The lady was silent for a moment, and then assuming her most bewitching smile, replied:

"My dear, I must confess that I suspected something of the sort, and to guard against any future trouble, I had a little paper prepared by my attorney, which you will remember to have signed in the justice's office the day we were married. You supposed it to be merely a certificate of marriage; but it was merely an article of agreement, in which you promise to allow me, in case of separation, an annuity of twenty-five hundred dollars. Under the peculiar circumstances of the case, I shall have to exact the fulfillment of this agreement, or have you arrested for bigamy!"

"The devil!"

"True, my dear; here is a copy—the justice has the original."

"This is a swindle!"

"Oh, no, my dear; only a business transaction."

There was some further protest—a little angry recrimination; but it is needless to say the conditions of the bond were finally complied with, and on this comfortable allowance the lady entertains serious thoughts of forsaking the buskin. —*New Orleans Picayune.*

The Care of Babies.

The only valuable work we ever saw on infancy was written by a man, Andrew Combe, of Scotland, a close observer, a sound thinker, and a learned physiologist. We shall never forget how tempest-tossed we were when we first found ourselves the happy possessor of a male child without the slightest knowledge of what to do for his comfort and protection. An ignorant nurse fidgeted around the room day and night, sang melancholy ditties, and rocked vehemently, while the child cried continually with a loud voice, and wept, prayed and philosophized by turns. Reasoning on general principles, we at last came to the conclusion, that inasmuch as the child was strong and vigorous, there must be some mistake on the part of the nurse that he was not quiet and comfortable, and fortified ourselves in that opinion by a faithful reading of what Mr. Combe had to say on babies in general. The result of this consideration of his opinions was a prompt revolution of the whole nursery department, and a transfer of pain from the baby to the nurse, who stood humbled and chagrined as she saw her time-honored system summarily set aside—the pins, paregoric, catnip and cradle driven out, while pure air, sunlight and common sense walked in. Oh what sighs, what groans, what double shaking of the head, what suppressed laughter and whisperings in the hall, we heard during the first few days after the inauguration of that dynasty of health, happiness and rest to that new-born babe.

When the three hours' cry began that day, which ancient dames assured us was a custom that had been faithfully kept by all the sons of Adam from time immemorial, we ordered the little sufferer to be promptly stripped to the skin and put in a warm bath. That brought instant relief, after which he was dressed in a few light garments hung on the shoulders, with no swaddling bands, no pressure on the lungs or bowels, and laid down to sleep. He was fed (according to Combe) every two hours by day, and but once during the night. After that we had peace, though eternal vigilance on our part was its price. The custom of pinning babies up as tight as a drum is both cruel and absurd. We asked the antiquarian who tortured our first-born in that way—why she did it? "The bones of young babes are so soft, and their flesh so tender," said she, "that they are in constant danger of dissolution unless tightly pinioned together." We soothed her fears by pointing to the fact that colts and calves, puppies and kittens, all lived and flourished without bandages, and for this reason we said we would make the experiment on one of the human family. If babies are regularly fed, bathed and comfortably dressed, and in a pure atmosphere, they will be quiet and healthy.

THE FLAW HUNTERS.—There are people who have a preternatural faculty for detecting evil, or the appearance of evil in every man's character. They have a fatal scent for carrion. Their memory is like a museum I once saw at a medical college, and illustrates all the hideous distortions and monstrosities and revolting diseases by which humanity can be troubled or afflicted. They think they have a wonderful knowledge of human nature. But it is a blunder to mistake the "Newgate Calendar" for a biographical dictionary.

A less offensive type of the same tendency leads some people to find apparent satisfaction in the discovery and proclamation of the slightest defects in the habits of good men and the conduct of public institutions. They cannot talk about the benefits conferred by a great hospital without lamenting some insignificant blot in its laws, and some trifling want of prudence in its management. Speak to them of a man whose good works everybody is admiring, and they cool your ardor by regretting that he is so rough in his manner, or so smooth—that his temper is so hasty, or that he is so fond of applause.

They seem to hold a brief, requiring them to prove the impossibility of human perfection. They detect the slightest alloy in the pure gold of human goodness. That there are spots in the sun is, with them, something more than an observed fact—it takes rank with *a priori* and necessary truths.

There are people who, if they hear an organ, find out at once which are the poorest stops. If they listen to a great speaker, they remember nothing but some slip in the construction of a sentence, the consistency of a metaphor, or the evolutions of an argument. While their friends are admiring the wealth and beauty of a tree whose branches are weighed down with fruit, they have discovered a solitary bough, lost in the golden affluence on which nothing is hanging.

Poor Hazlitt was sorely troubled with them in his time. "Littleness," he said, "is their element, and they give a character of meanness to whatever they touch."—*Goods Words.*

Many men who pretend to have grains of good sense seem to have scruples about using them.

Ladies are like watches—pretty enough to look at—sweet faces and delicate hands but somewhat difficult to 'regulate' after they are a-going.

The thieves who hid some pieces of cloth in a spirit distillery should be charged with an attempt to promote the whisky wring.

Chief Justice Moses recently delivered the opinion of the Supreme Court that so much of the act of 1861, continued to December, 1866, as allowed interest on open accounts, in actions suspended by the stay law, is unconstitutional.